

UNEVEN PROSPERITY.

The striking anthracite miners claim that, in spite of the 10 per cent. increase in wages in 1900, they are really worse off than they were before, the increase in wages being more than offset by the 20 per cent. increase in the price of everything they have to buy with their wages.

There is a great deal of force in the argument. They are certainly paying more than a 20 per cent. advance for the meat they buy—assuming that they are able to buy any—and, in general terms, prosperity means high prices. High prices, however, do not necessarily mean prosperity all around. Unless there is a uniform and equitable distribution of the results of the prosperity it means that those who get less than their share are—as in the case of the miners—actual sufferers by the prosperity to which their labors contribute.

Our prosperity is undoubted, but has it been uniformly distributed? Have the miners had their share of it? Have they had as much of it, for instance, as the coal users of the Steel Trust, or as the magnates of the Coal Trust, or as the prosperous beneficiaries of the Sugar Trust or the Beef Combine?

The Lesson of Experience.—From his retirement ex-Viceroy Nixon could easily furnish to the young King Alfonso an impressive lesson on the vanity of human greatness.

A GREAT KING IN A REPUBLIC.

In token of his love for the Republic and in memory of "the splendid and cordial reception" we gave his brother, the Kaiser offers us a bronze statue of Frederick the Great. He suggests, and President Roosevelt agrees with him, that it is "especially appropriate that the statue should be erected in the city of Washington, the capital of the Republic."

Frederick was a fine example of king, but just why he should be an appropriate figure in bronze for the contemplation of free-born Americans is not quite clear at first. A little reflection, however, reveals some reasons. The monarch who planted his iron heel on Poland would of course approve of all our Philippine processes, the water cure included. The man who wrote pages of casuistry to Voltaire might compose, a century later, a very persuasive state paper on "benevolent assimilation." The king who waged relentless war on a weaker monarch, a woman at that, to deprive her of a rich province would undoubtedly approve Uncle Sam's Cuban conquest. So altogether the bronze presence of Frederick in the national capital may not be so inappropriate as would appear. We can understand what the deuce he is doing in that gallery.

Striking High.—The Beef Trust extortion has at last reached the rich, and it now touches the pockets of the patrons of the most expensive hotels and restaurants. Even the haughty clubs have had to bow to the Trust and advance prices. Shall we hear of revolts in the clubs or of mobs of swells storming the fashionable hotels kitchens? It is only on the east side that resistance to tyranny takes the form of overt acts.

NO MORE FUNDS NEEDED.

The World, which was the first to move to the relief of the volcano sufferers, is the first to call a halt in the work of raising funds.

More than enough money has already been subscribed to meet every possible need of the situation, both in Martinique and St. Vincent. According to our correspondent on the spot the Congressional appropriation of \$200,000 alone would be more than sufficient; Chairman Bliss, of the combined New York committees, estimates that he will have \$150,000; the other cities will probably add \$50,000 to this; France and England will add another \$100,000 apiece. This makes a total already in sight of \$600,000 to meet a need for which The World correspondent estimates that \$50,000 would be ample.

Presumably the work of gathering funds has been overdone, but the money not needed need not be wasted. It can be kept to meet the next call, and on such an appeal as the present one it is better to give too much than too little.

A BOY'S PRETTY RIBBONS.

After the various King's messengers had got through with Alfonso's coat yesterday it was as variegated in hue as Joseph's of many colors. Each envoy plumed on it the fluttering streamer or other insignia of the decoration which is his sovereign's highest gift. The Duke of Connaught, as King Edward's representative, attached the ribbon of the Garter; Prince Eugene, of Sweden, added the Cordon Bleu (not the chef, but the ribbon) of the Swedish Order of the Seraphim; and the Crown Prince of Siam planned to the diminutive royal breast the picturesque Siamese Royal Order. No grand exalted chief of any American patriotic society has anything to show to equal it.

It is to be wondered if any American schoolboy who has captured a medal in an athletic contest envies Alfonso these pretty gauds. They are lovely to look at and call your own, but to do so means to be a delicate and sickly lad, precocious enough, but pale and nervous and rather flabby as to muscles. What use would Alfonso be in a football scrimmage or in guarding first base against a rival nine? Warm, red blood has its joys not less keen than blue.

"TALL, HANDSOME AND 21."

The Browning love letters were interesting, the Englishwoman's also, but we wish that we might peruse some of the copious amatory correspondence with which Mrs. Paul, of Newburg, has been favored during the past year. Mrs. Paul is not, to put it gently, one of Eve's fairest daughters. She is fat and forty-five but not beautiful. Nor are her lips attuned to love, for she speaks a dialect of German and broken English not exactly bewitching. Yet she has been the recipient of hundreds of ardent epistles in response to an advertisement she inserted in Cypria's Columns, a Minnesota publication. This advertisement read:

Tall, handsome, well-educated, athletic girl, twenty-one years, speaking several languages, willing to correspond with a matrimonially inclined gentleman.

Transformed thus, as by a fountain of youth or a Hecatean recipe, Mrs. Paul was wooed with great ardor by many swains. Letters came to her from Kansas, Minnesota, from other Western States from Canada. Many inclosed money for traveling expenses preliminary to the matrimony. Each poured in to an unceasing stream until the Post-Office authorities rudely put an end to her correspondence. She is now hysterical because of the interruption of her happiness. Love's dream is over for her.

You might fancy to hear a Broadway play or read a romance novel that the nation is less given to marrying than before. This such as these letters furnish show how erroneous the belief is.

The Funny Side of Life.

JOKES OF OUR OWN.

HOPS AND BOUNDS.
"The Wall street bear grows rich by bounds.
Whenever the market drops
The brewer, on the other hand,
Is growing rich by hops."

FOR MIXERS.
"I am going to write an opera about the coal strike."
"I suppose the music will be in a minor key."

ONE STRIKE.
"A Brooklyn Justice has decided that it is lawful for a wife to strike her husband once. What do you think of that?"
"Depends altogether how much she strikes him for."

HIS THEFT.
"It's an unfair world. Here's a man who gets \$10,000 a year just because he is so clever at stealing."
"What does he steal?"
"Buses."

BORROWED JOKES.

THE MODERN METHOD.
"I am writing a story of a struggling inventor."
"It won't do," answered the abruptly critical friend. "Inventors don't struggle nowadays. They let the people who are eager to buy stock do the struggling."—Washington Star.

NECESSITY.
"I could live on a climate like this!" exclaimed the enthusiastic visitor.
"Well," drawled the Billville citizen, "if yer stay in these diggins' you'll have ter!"—Atlanta Constitution.

REGRETS.
Mrs. Moonwell—I suppose you regret being here, don't you, my poor man?
No. 2,452—Yes, ma'am, hardly a day passes that some woman don't come along and shed tears all over me—Ohio State Journal.

PRIVATE SCORES.
May—I was so delighted to meet her at a bargain sale this morning.
Fay—I thought you detected her.
May—So I do, and during the crush I found a chance to give her a few good pokes on my own account—Catholic Standard.

SOMEBODIES.

AYME, U. S. CONSUL.—who sent the first news to Washington of the St. Pierre disaster, is a Chicago newspaper man.

BARRETT, MRS. HANNAH.—has just celebrated her 100th birthday in Boston. This age is said to be authentic as girls seldom fib about it after they pass the century mark.

DEWAR, THOMAS.—a Scotch postman, has a record of trumping over 150,000 miles. But it took him thirty-four years to do it.

KILDARE, MISS CLARA.—of California, was the only white woman killed in Guatemala by the earthquake.

KITCHENER, LORD.—has sold for \$4,500 an island in the Nile which he bought some time ago for \$50. There is no record, however, of any deals on his part in kopjes, veldts or neks.

ROOSEVELT, PRESIDENT.—has given the Harvard Union Library a full set of his works.

SAHIELA, PRINCE.—the Austrian Emperor's Chamberlain, is in Baltimore.

STOKES, ANSON PHILIPS.—offers for sale his great Lenox (Mama) country seat.

VIELE, GEN. E. L.—the famous engineer, who has just died, planned Central Park.

ZAKRZEWSKA, DR.—who has just died, was Boston's pioneer woman physician.

SOLDIER'S DIRGE.

Dead in the battle—dead on the field;
More than his life can a soldier yield;
Dead for his country Muffled drums
Slowly lead the sad procession home.
The heart may ache, but the heart must swell
With pride for the soldier who fought so well.
His blood has stained his soldier's shirt;
To his mother's home, to his goodnight.
Elizabeth Thomson in Lippincott.

TIMELY LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

A Seattle Reminder.
In the name of the Seattle Times I wonder where all those orange crates have flown to. The crates keep on coming, and we hear how about place for them. I offer this gentle reminder to the dear orange authorities. Another gentleman's delicacies going to here, too. A Seattle Reminder.

CROKER'S KITCHEN CABINET.

